

Double-Page Color Portrait of Woodrow Wilson in this Issue.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, July 24th, 1912.

VOL. LXXII. No. 1847.

Copyright, 1912, by Keppler & Schwarzmann. Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



TO SWAT 'EM IS WASTE OF TIME.
Pour Oil, and Plenty of It, on the Thing that Breeds Them.

WIS



Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
J. KEPPLER, Pres.; A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.
995-309 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
No. 1847. WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1912
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

Issued every Wednesday, - \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months
Payable in advance.

Cartoons and Comments

BETTER than any editorial comment on the subject of "the American standard of living" are these extracts. The first is from the Republican Platform:

"The Republican tariff policy has been of the greatest benefit to the country, developing our resources, diversifying our industries, and protecting our workmen against competition with cheaper labor abroad, thus establishing for our wage earners the American standard of living."

The second extract is from a summary of the report of the Federal Labor Bureau on "the American standard of living" in Lawrence, Mass.:

"The agents estimated that the average wage given 21,000 employees during one week last year, selected at random, was \$8.76, which was declared to be entirely insufficient for the support of a family. Child labor was a natural outgrowth, the report says, of such a condition, where the head of the family was forced to add to his income by securing work for his children."

Nothing need be added, except that the industries in Lawrence are among the highest protected in the United States. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the proof of the beneficent Republican tariff is in the application.

SENATORIAL DISCOURTESY. **T**HE unseating of LORIMER established very clearly one fact: United States Senators are yet to be elected by popular vote, but that they are fired out by public opinion there can be no question. LORIMER was not expelled by the Senate. The Senate tried every trick it knew, every dodge of delay, to keep him. He was dismissed by pressure from outside, pressure that could not be withstood. As recently as May last a committee of the Senate submitted a report exonerating LORIMER, and had the Senate been the same collection of feudal overlords that it was a few years ago

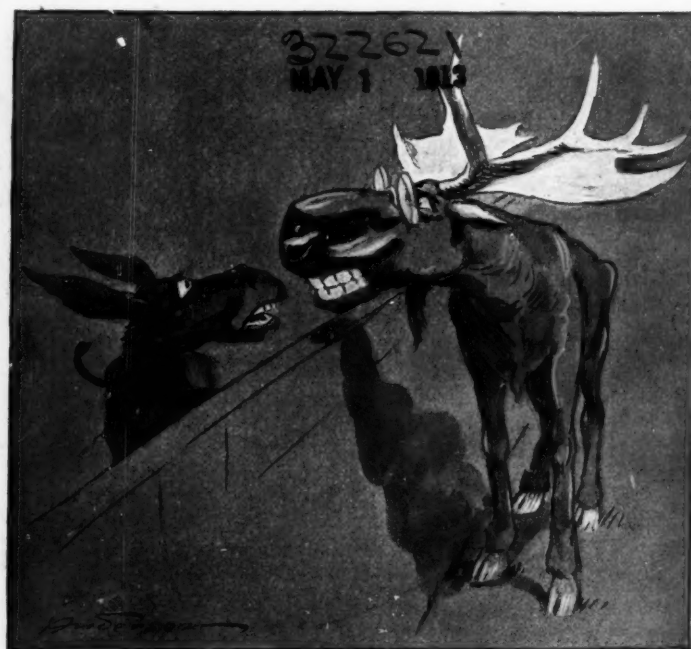
he would have been exonerated. That he was not is proof that public opinion has found at last a way to the Senate chamber. No wonder ALDRICH, with prophetic vision, got out; and no wonder CRANE, very pessimistic about the future of the country, is going.

So THE Inter-State Commerce Commission wants the express companies to reform! Well, it is not a bad notion. Only we trust that joyous anticipation over the prospect of reasonable rates, granted grudgingly by the companies after they have exhausted every means in their power to nullify the Commission's orders, will not blind the American citizen to the need of a parcel post. The best way to bring the express companies down from



THE CAT CAME BACK.

their high horse would be to give them a vigorous competitor in the parcel transportation business, and evidently the express companies are of that opinion themselves, for they fight the parcel post idea whenever it bobs up at Washington. Undoubtedly the companies will pay very serious attention to the mandates of the Commerce Commission, but only because they are obliged to. No matter how well-regulated they may be, they will still constitute a monopoly. A parcel post will force them to do from self-interest what they otherwise will do only under compulsion of the courts. No reform of the express companies can be half-way complete that does not include a parcel post. And what a reflection it is on the intelligence and sincerity, not to say the common honesty, of our public officials that while the express companies are earning dividends of from 17 to 65 per cent., according to the report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, the Post-office pats itself on the back if it is lucky enough to escape a deficit. The cream for the companies, the skim-milk for the Post-office.



THE BUSH MOOSE.

THE DEMOCRATIC DONKEY. — Oh, you can't scare me! You're nothing but a bunch of sheep!

WASSEL CLUB



A NATURAL INQUIRY.

SIX-YEAR-OLD BESSIE.—Mama, what are they all carrying the extra tires for?

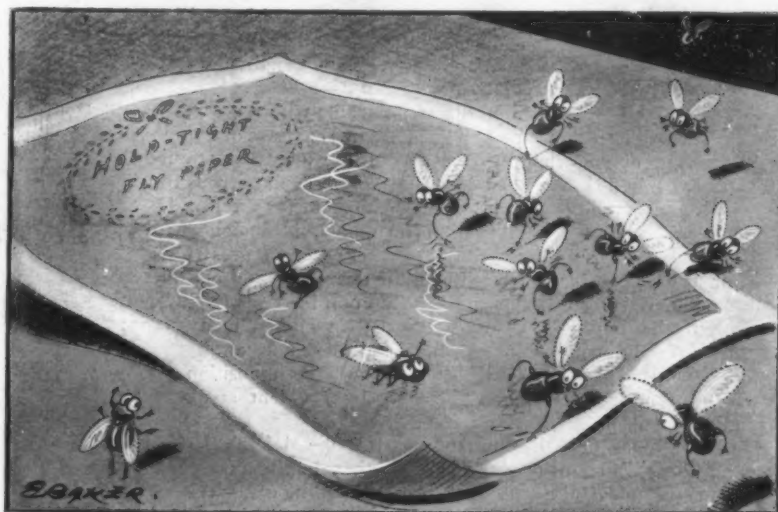
WANTED—A PROMOTER.

DR. FREDERIC WILLIAM HAMILTON has resigned the presidency of Tufts College, Medford, Mass., and will sever all connection with that institution. His reason for the act makes him seem old-fashioned, quite an old fogey in these bounding days of advanced education; yet some unregenerate souls are going to snicker right out loud when they hear how the doctor panned the faculty—roasting them, not on one side only, but to a dark mahogany crispness on both sides. "I have conceived it my duty as president to be an administrator and an educator, but it has become evident to me that the trustees want now a solicitor of funds." And, not being willing to put bandages on his scholastic knee, or pass the hat with a help-the-blind placard around his neck, the doctor has quit, and quit right frigidly.

Of course it goes without saying that Tufts College will jump forward mightily with the burden of this impoverishing superstition lifted from it. From this time forth every tree that looks like a member of the plum family will be shaken. Shrill cries of distress will emanate from Medford—where, by the way, a fine quality of rum used to be distilled. The dreadful news will be sent abroad that unless one million dollars are forthcoming to Tufts within a twelve-month, Education will shut up shop, Talent will go home to father, and the Progress of Civilization will cease to prog.

When you come to think of it, why should a college have a president, anyway? The average prexy does pretty well in getting connections established between big money and his institution; but think what a skilled promoter could do! Take one of these chaps who thinks

nothing of floating a billion-dollar doughnut trust, and put him at work floating a big, spectacular, ten-ring aggregation like the average college—why, the campus would be paved with pearls, and the eight-oared crew would row in a shell plastered with \$1,000 bills. *Freeman Tilden.*



THE CORRECT SLANG.

PHILOSOPHIC FLY.—Aw, what's the use of breaking away so soon, fellers? Let's stick around for awhile!

It would be a great deal easier to love our neighbor if his hobby were not chickens and ours were not flower-beds.



A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

MUST WE RECALL THE CAT?

NO ONE in this era of popular government ought to feel the least bit surprised if he is summoned on short notice to-morrow morning from his business to the polls to cast a referendum vote on the Recall of Cats. The fight between the Obliterationists and the Party Favoring Free and Unlimited Coinage of Cats has been ceaseless since Noah's day; and now that the matter has been taken up by the Kansas State Board of Health, with a suggestion that the creatures should be either exterminated or shaved of their germ-bearing fur, the question will bear no more delay. If the poor things are shaved, they will die of cold. The issue may as well be faced squarely. It comes to this: Must the cat, like the fly, be swatted into forgetfulness?



It will not be an easy issue to decide. As we listen to the arguments, for every virtue of the cat there appears to be an evil; for every charge a rebuttal.

"A purring cat beside the hearth completes a picture of home-life and comfort," the animal's friends declare. "A contemplative creature, dainty, aristocratic—"

The opposition interrupts with a grunt.

"A wild beast masquerading—a savage creature of impulse—only hear him yowling up and down the alleys at midnight! Dainty? Piffle! An ideal carrier of germs, as dangerous to our children as a red-hot poker! A fit companion for witches!"

"Woo-oo-ow! Slander! Mohammed, Montaigne, Walter Scott, Victor Hugo, the cat's friends, were men of great minds." Fur upstanding, claws unsheathed, the debaters stand and glare.

The defense descants admiringly upon the cat's fidelity, not only to the duty of mousing, but also to a chosen hearthstone: "You simply can't lose him. No friend more constant."

"A shallow sort of friendship," growls the opposition, "that ends abruptly the minute you ever by accident step on the animal's tail."

"A cousin to the king of beasts," the defenders explain, and not in a tone of apology. "No other domestic creature has so many wonderful qualities. Like a camel, he can survive long intervals without food or drink. In the arts of balance and of how to fall he is of all acrobats the most remarkable—"

Testy interruption: "Even more remarkable as a vocalist! . . . An incurable loafer, where every other domestic animal does genuine service. Mouse-hunting should n't count because it's a form of sport. The cat is a mere animate ornament!"

"Liars! Ridiculous!" shrieks the defense. "Where would Dick Whittington have been without a cat? He rose from nothing to Lord Mayor of London, and at last to lend even the king himself one thousand pounds in gold!"

Clearly, nothing but a vote can end the controversy.

Charles Phelps Cushing.

HIS SAGE WAY.

ONCE upon a time a Wise Man penned a letter full of confidential statements, and at the end he wrote this line, heavily underscored: "Burn this letter!"

Then, being a Wise Man, he took his own advice and burned the letter himself.



FAME.

NATIVE.—That's Eph Hoskins over there. Son of the man that put our town on the map.

VISITOR.—How did he do it?

NATIVE.—Made it a special point to go to New York to die, and the papers there had right out plain under the death notice, "Bungtown papers please copy."

WHAT'S THE USE?

FRIEND.—So your men demanded an increase in pay that meant five thousand dollars a year additional expenses to you?

MANUFACTURER.—Yes, but we handled them right. We hired two hundred special policemen, donated fifty thousand dollars to the Manufacturers' Protective Association fund, and crushed the strike with a loss of only six months time and one hundred thousand dollars damage to our property.

BY THE HOUR.

CRAWFORD.—Why does a woman have to pay so much for a hat?

CRABSHAW.—You see, the milliner has to charge for the time she takes trying it on.

THE sweetness of revenge is not infrequently followed by a dyspeptic acidity of the conscience.

MANY of us are willing to work in the Lord's vineyard as long as the Lord works in ours.



BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.—Take it from me: If the paleface starts out to get you, he'll get you!

Economy may not always be wealth, but it can be depended on as a great preventive of poverty.



THE STRANDED COWBOY.

By the ol' Triangle bunkhouse, lookin' far as she kin see,
There's a pinto pony standin', an' I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is off the mesa, an' the bunchin' cattle say:
"Come you back, you lonesome puncher, come you back to
Santa Fé!"

Come you back to Santa Fé,
Where the ol' remuda lay;
Can't you hear the cookie bangin' out
That dinner 's on the way?
Oh, the road to Santa Fé,
Where your chaps get dusty gray,
An' the steers go down like thunder
Headed California way!

Her color it was piebald, an' her little eyes was green,
An' her name was Hel'n Blazes—jus' the same as Trojan's Queen;
An' I seen her fust a-buckin' off a whackin' big galoot,
An' a wastin' fancy twisters on a heathen tenderfoot:

Bloomin' tourist made o' wood,
Which they called his Lordship Goode—
Plucky lot she cared for lordships when she
Kicked him where he stood!
On the road to Santa Fé.

When the moon was sailin' over, an' the cattle millin' slow,
We would start to ridin' night herd, an' I'd whistle "Ol' Black Joe;"
With my knee behind her shoulder, an' her silky ears to tweak,
We useter watch the shadows an' the moonlight on the creek.

Silver moonlight on the creek,
An' the night-wind on your cheek,
An' the stars spread out so thickly you could
Almos' hear 'em speak!
On the road to Santa Fé.

But that 's all an ancient story—an' I'm stranded far away;
An' it ain't no joke to leg it from the Eads to Santa Fé,
An' I'm learnin' in St. Louis what the roamin' puncher tells:
"If you've heard the West a-callin', pard, you won't hear nothin' else."

You sure don't hear nothin' else
But them spacey Western smells,
An' the branded yearlin's bawlin', an' the
Air that 's clear as bells!
On the road to Santa Fé.

I am sick of breakin' leather on these patent pavin'-stones,
An' the smoke I'm always breathin' makes me stuffy in my bones.
Though I ride with fifty shofers clear from Broadway out to Grand,
An' they talks a lot of Pleasure—but what do they understand?

Gasoline, an' greasy hand—
Lord! What *do* they understand?
I've a hoss a durn sight cleaner in a
Neater, sweeter land!
On the road to Santa Fé.



EXTREMES MEET.

HE.— Really, you look good enough to kiss!
SHE.— Yes, and really you look bad enough to do it!

Ship me somewheres west o' Denver where your best is like our worst,
Where there ain't no police needed, an' there ain't no Sunday thirst.
For I hear my cayuse whinny, an' it 's there that I would be,
By the ol' Triangle bunkhouse where there 's men the same as me.

On the road to Santa Fé,
Where the ol' remuda lay,
With the boys a-yellin' joyful when
They went to Santa Fé!
Oh, the road to Santa Fé,
Where your chaps get dusty gray,
An' the steers come back like thunder
Outer California way!

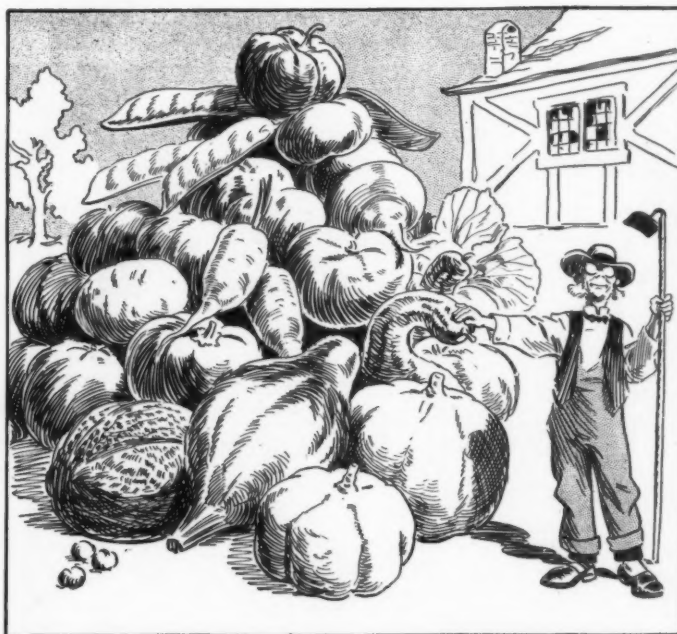
Herman Da Costa.

A SLIDING SCALE.

"Loogy yuh, Doctah!" a trifle hypercritically carped Mr. Fagg, who
had recently recovered from an illness. "Dis yuh bill o' yo'n is
mighty high, 'peahs like."

"It might look dat-uh-way to yo', sah, at de fust sight," replied
Doctor Slasher. "But yo' fevah was mighty high, too. I gravitates
muh fees 'cawdin' to the ponderosity o' de malady; de loftier de fevah,
de taller de bill, sah."

MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW.



ANTICIPATION.

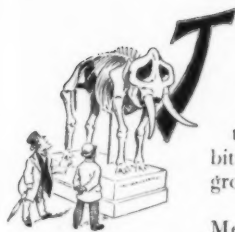


REALIZATION.



LOOK WHO'S HERE!

A MARKED RESEMBLANCE.



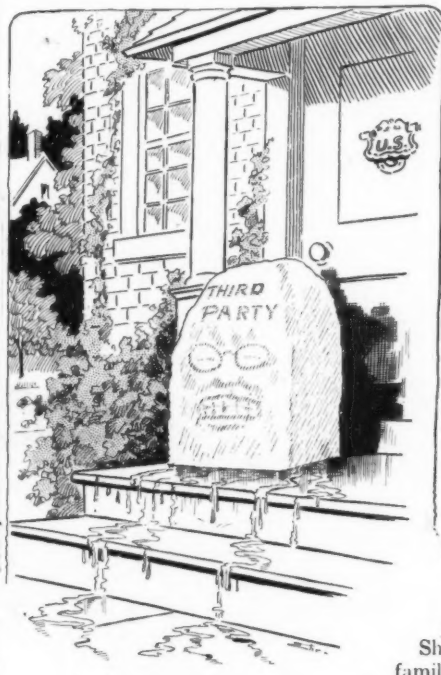
THE structure, about the size of an iron bridge, which we see before us, children, is the skeleton of a Megatherium. It is composed of alternate layers of bone and air—first a bone, then a strip of air, then another bone, and so on and so on, to the bitter end. The Megatherium had one of the bitterest ends on record, and it dragged on the ground during life.

Alas! How times have changed since the Megatherium wore *emboupoint* and ranged the hills and dales in company with the Hyracotherium, the Apteryx, the Hippotherium, the Delirium, the Hic Jacet, the Swat, and other bright-hued songsters of long ago! They lived and performed their allotted parts in the life of those far-distant times, and then faded away like the Beautiful Snow of later date. Man eventually appeared on the scene, clad in a pronounced predilection for swinging by his tail from the swaying boughs. Time wore on, and in a few thousand years man began to wear something on, also. In the course of centuries our ancestor lost his tail in the shuffle, and at length appeared arrayed in a modest apron of raccoon-hide and a rock in a sock with which he joyously baited out the brains of his fellow-citizens.

Time passed and man progressed. Methinks I can see him now,

with half of a large gourd perched rakishly on his mop of woven-wire hair, and the rock in the sock superseded by a long-tailed, stone-headed smasher decorated with the gray matter of a total stranger. Centuries glide adown the dim corridors of time. The Megatherium has disappeared from the face of the earth. Man's stone-headed skull-squasher has given way to the curved iron stabber. Light-minded persons begin to ask: When is a door not a door, and What makes more noise than a pig under a gate? The Flood comes, and there is presently to be heard the despairing "Gug! gug!" of the last of the scoffers who is clinging to the topmost limb of the tallest tree on the highest peak of the loftiest mountain.

And then only Noah and Shem, Ham and Japhet, and their families, are left to tell the tale, with nobody to listen who is not already familiar with it.



MELTING?

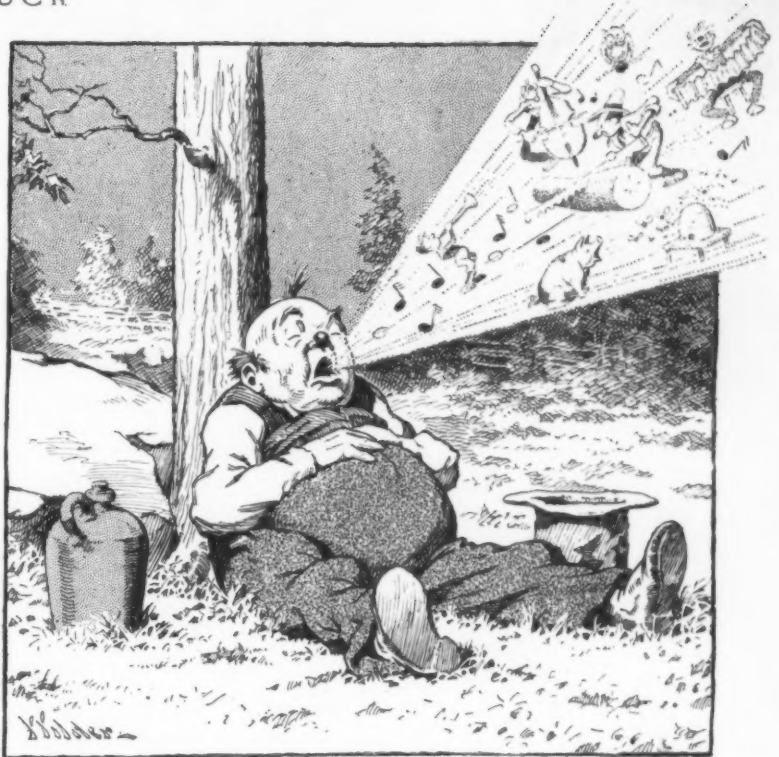
But time continues to fly, and we must hasten with it. Rome is founded, rises, flourishes, declines, and falls. The Megatherium is so completely forgotten that nobody remembers that he ever lived. The Populists begin to poke their heads up out of the mud about this time to mention that the poor are growing poorer and the rich growing fatter. Time rolls on with gigantic strides. America is discovered. George Washington chops down the cherry-tree and falls upon the Hessians. General Warren builds Bunker Hill Monument. Lord Cornwallis goes through the mill and comes out Cobwallis. The Declaration of Independence is signed in thunder-tones by John Hancock. Anon, Peace spreads her white pinions o'er the nation, and the first thing you know William Jennings Bryan begins running for the Presidency. Later, somebody digs up a quantity of bones with large knobs on them, matches them together, and lo! the result is the skeleton of the Megatherium which we now see before us.

The Megatherium, children, so promising in his adipose youth, and so exceedingly defunct at present, may be said to markedly resemble some of our best-known statesmen—logical candidates just the other day, as it were, and now utter and elaborate ruins.

From this we should learn—but I see it is almost lunch-time, so we will hasten away.

Tom P. Morgan.

ONE difficulty with the human race is that it too often allows its outgo to be the pacemaker for its income.



SOUND ASLEEP.

WHAT IS THE LAW ON THE SUBJECT?

H. G. WELLS says that Great Britain is governed by lawyers. It is pointed out, in defense of this criticism, that seven members of the Cabinet are barristers or solicitors. "Thus," says the *Daily Mail*, "the legal profession is steadily strengthening its grip on the government of the country, and displacing the business and landowning elements. The same tendency is observed in the French and American governments."

Tendency? Bless your heart, cousin editorial writer, it is no longer a tendency. We democratic folks on this side of the ocean are governed, and have been governed, by lawyers for a number of calendars back. Nobody else could handle the job, because no business can be done now in the legislative departments, as well as the executive and judiciary, without such logic-chopping as only lawyers have conscience for. We do everything by law or contrary to law. People used to ask themselves foolish questions about right and wrong, policy and common sense. All we ask now is, "What is the law on the subject?" There is really no answer. Nobody really knows, there being so much law on the subject. But only the lawyers know they don't know, that nobody knows, so the job of finding out is given to them.

See yon stripling at the bar of what is called, rhetorically, Justice? He is a lawyer. He was graduated from the law-school last month, and now he is practising. Most people pay their own way when they are practising anything. While this young person practises law, the clients will pay.

Look the young man over most carefully. The Law School made him a lawyer. Perhaps his people at home will make him a district attorney. Then they may make him a Congressman. The Lord made him a fool—but that is no sinister defect in this case. When he has used up all the law at present handy, he will go to Congress and make some more. He will then speak of something as being "good" law. And other things as "bad" law. But he will not be long in discovering that while ethics go hand in hand with the one, the fees are very chummy with the other.



Sometimes when we feel that we are making the most headway it is merely because we are watching someone else going backward.

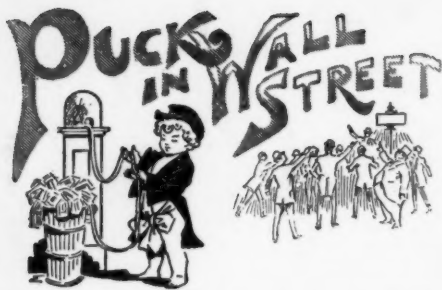
THE PUCK PRESS



WOODROW WILSON

PUCK





PEOPLE are supposed to have money to "re-invest" after the first of July, so about this time many of the Stock Exchange houses think it's up to them to get out "a good, strong market letter."

The Junior Partner's Effort. It goes about like this: The job is handed over to the junior partner.

He gets a file of *Chronicles* and financial papers around him and sets to work. But writing down things in black and white, he finds, is no easy undertaking. He sticks at it for two days, and at the end of that time "finds he's too busy" to go ahead. So a professional market-letter writer—generally connected with the Wall Street end of one of the big dailies—is called in. "Here," they tell him, "you go ahead and get us up a good, strong letter—one that will pull. We want it to go out to our customers' list over our own name."

"Bullish or bearish?" asks the market-letter man.

"Bullish, of course. How can you get people to trade if you start by discouraging them?"

"Bullish. Very well. Want anything in it about politics?"

"Not so very much. Just show 'em that, whichever candidate is elected, business is going to boom."

"Crop outlook isn't any too good. What'll I say about crops?"

"Fill in with something about the hay crop. The hay crop is n't appreciated. It's the big-money crop. Put in that the hay crop is fine."

"And the unrest of labor—how about that?"

"Oh, just say that the industrial horizon is clear. So it is. It isn't our fault if it clouds up again after a while. Say that the coal-miners are back at work and that the engineers' demands are being arbitrated. You can make a strong point of the improvement in labor conditions if you want to."

"Very well. I've got the idea. Concerning tariff revision, I suppose I can say that 'strong interests do not in the least fear a reduction in schedules'—that can mean anything you want it to. Three thousand words—let me see—I can have it for you to-morrow afternoon. Thank you for the order."

Three or four days later the letter goes out—five thousand copies—to the entire "first string" customers' list. An order comes in that more than pays for the whole business. The junior partner smiles a satisfied smile. "Yes," he admits modestly, "it's a good letter. But I did spend a lot of time on it."

EVERY big bank has its own force of "runners"—messengers whose duty it is to present drafts for payment, get stock transferred, cash coupons, and run errands generally around the "Street." Naturally such a job does n't pay very well, and the personnel of the average bank's "running" force is not drawn from very high up in the social scale.

About this time of the year Harold and Freddie, just out of college, and with a laudable desire to be a charge on the family no longer, get a letter from Uncle William, and, a week or so later, find themselves installed as "runners" in one or another of the big banks. A runner's job is nothing wonderful, of course, but then, don't you see, it's necessary to begin at the bottom and learn the business from the ground up.

In this particular case Harold was the son of the first vice-president of one of the big Western railroads and a Harvard man. They knew that in the bank, and when the information finally sifted down to the "third teller" and the "runners," what a

time they gave him! The meanest and longest route was his to run. It was always: "Here! Get a move on, and take this out," or "Where do you think you are—at dear old Harvard?" or something like that. The "third teller," who had the runners in charge (and who had been one of them), used always to hold out one draft on some firm away down near the Battery and push it at Harvard when he came in from running his regular route, weary and footsore, late in the afternoon.

At the end of the week they told him to go around to the paying-teller's window and get his salary. The teller pushed out the bills—a dirty five and a clean one.

He had realized that he wasn't going to get much, but this, as a reward for such a week's work, looked to him as a thousand times less than nothing. Suddenly an idea struck him. He reached for the money and walked out. Five minutes later he walked back into the "third-teller's" department, six enormous dollar cigars bulging out of his left breast-pocket. "Here you, Harvard, where the—" The teller stopped short and his eyes bulged as Harold handed him one of the big cigars. "One for each of you, gentlemen," he blandly announced. "And now, good-by. I'm very pleased to have made your acquaintance."

And with that Harold turned and walked out, and his career as a banker came to an end.

"THE paying-teller at my bank got even with me last week for all the trouble I gave him with my little checks," said one of the New Street "put-'n-call" men the other day. "I handed him in a ten-spot to change, and do you know what he did? Looked at it a minute and then smeared across the face of it with a big rubber stamp, 'Counterfeit.'"

"What did you do that for?" I asked.

"Because it's no good—counterfeit," he answered.

"How do you know?" I asked. "What marks were there on it to show it was counterfeit?"



"THE MARKET IS CHEERFUL!"

"He picked the bill up and pretended to look at it closely. 'The marks were there all right,' he replied, 'but they've been covered up by the ink from the rubber stamp.'"

Franklin.



UP TO DATE.

RECRUITING OFFICER.—You realize the dangers before you? You are not afraid of having horses shot under you?

SOCIETY RECRUIT.—Me? I had two motor-boats explode under me, three autos start over me, and an aeroplane fall with me during the past social season alone!

GOOD LOGIC.

"THEN you don't wish me to love you?" he asked sadly.

"I'd rather you would stop it, if you can."

"Well—I must try, I suppose." He was turning away.

"Trying won't be of any use," she said.

"Why not?"

"Will it?" Her tone held surprise.

"I cannot tell until I've made the effort."

"But you can't make the effort—if—"

"If you tell me to, I must."

"No," she said, looking at him earnestly. "It would be simply impossible!"

"What would be simply impossible?"

"For anyone to stop loving—anyone—if he really—did love her!"

"But you have commanded me—" He spoke in bewilderment. "It is your wish that I should cease—"

"Commanded you? Never! When?"

"This very moment! Did you not say that it was your wish that I should stop loving you—or—dare I hope that you did not say it?"

"Certainly I said it. I did say that I wish you would stop loving me—if you can."

"If I can?"

"Yes," she said gently, but with firmness.

"Because if you can, if any amount of trying can make you stop, why then, you see, you don't love me, and that is why I want you to stop!"

Madeline Bridges.

A fair young girl of sixteen can say "All my life!" in a more impressive way than can an old man of eighty.



WHILE the performance recently given at the Opera House by the Agnes Ammidon Galaxy of Metropolitan Stars was as satisfactory from a dramatic standpoint as any theatrical event that has occurred in our midst this season, we are compelled to speak a bit cautiously of one of their methods of attracting attendance—that of advertising “One lady free with every thirty-cent ticket.” While to the blasé and worldly-wise theatre-goer the meaning of this would be perfectly plain—that one lady would be admitted free of charge if accompanied by a gentleman or other person bearing a paid reserved-seat ticket—it was the means of causing an embarrassing misapprehension on the part of several worthy but somewhat untutored young men out in the Paw Paw Ridge neighborhood, who donned their festal finery and came surging into town with the intent of basking in the smiles of actresses at the very nominal expense of thirty cents apiece, only, it may well be imagined, to meet with bitter disappointment.

Of the devoted little band that lined up near the stage entrance as bold as the heroes of Thermopylae of old, two had to explain to ‘Squire Peavy next morning why they insisted upon having middle-aged actresses’ umbrellas broken on their heads, and one what pleasure he found in getting his raiment rent by the heavy villain of the show, while the only one who achieved his purpose to any extent expended nearly seven dollars at the Palace Restaurant in an earnest endeavor to fill with the excellent viands of which that establishment so justly boasts an eminently empty emotional lady who found his resemblance to her son, away off in a military school, little short of marvelous.

While we do not believe that the deception in the advertisements was wholly intentional on the part of the manager of the aggregation, we respectfully suggest that hereafter he modify his phraseology a trifle.



VERY CHOPPY.

THE CRAB.—Gee! But the ocean is rough to-day!

WHAT THE UNITED STATES MAILS CONTAIN.

LETTERS to home asking for money	1	Per cent.
Remittances0000½	“
Literature and Magazines	2	“
“How to Invest Your Money” Circulars	5	“
Ducky and Dovey Letters from Unmarried People	2	“
Ducky and Dovey Letters from Married People0000½	“
Newspapers containing scandals, murders, prize-fights, holdups, etc.,	5	“
Newspapers which do not print any of above items of news,0000189	“
Rejected Manuscripts from Aspiring Authors32	“
Acceptances to Aspiring Authors00000000001	“
Personal Letters containing Gossip	7	“
Personal Letters without Gossip	None.	“
Picture Post-cards	15	“
Orders to Breweries from dry territory for wet goods	5	“
Letters turning down above orders	None.	“
Letters to editors of “Beauty Hints” departments in daily papers	10	“
Mysterious packages	3	“
Packages that plainly contain dollar watches	4	“
Letters to matinee idols requesting hands in marriage	7	“
Ordinary business letters	1½	“
Duns	All the Rest.	“

Frank H. Williams.



The Right of All the Way

Railroad service and telephone service have no common factors—they cannot be compared, but present some striking contrasts.

Each telephone message requires the right of all the way over which it is carried. A circuit composed of a pair of wires must be clear from end to end, for a single conversation.

A bird's eye view of any railroad track would show a procession of trains, one following the other, with intervals of safety between them.

The railroad carries passengers in train loads by wholesale, in a public conveyance, and the service given to each passenger is limited by the necessities of the others; while the telephone carries messages over wires devoted exclusively for the time being to the individual use of the subscriber or patron. Even a multi-millionaire could not afford the exclusive use of the railroad track between New York

and Chicago. But the telephone user has the whole track and the right of all the way, so long as he desires it.

It is an easy matter to transport 15,000 people over a single track between two points in twenty-four hours. To transport the voices of 15,000 people over a single two-wire circuit, allowing three minutes for each talk, would take more than thirty days.

The telephone system cannot put on more cars or run extra trains in order to carry more people. It must build more telephone tracks—string more wires.

The wonder of telephone development lies in the fact that the Bell System is so constructed and equipped that an exclusive right of all the way, between near-by or distant points, is economically used by over 24,000,000 people every day.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

Puck Proofs

This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Fifty-page Catalogue of Reproductions in Miniature.



Address PUCK
295-309 Lafayette St.
New York

Copyright 1912 by Kieppeler & Schwarzmann.



BUILT FOR SPEED—1912 MODEL.
By W. E. Hill.
Proof in Colors, mounted on cardboard, 14 x 17 in.
PRICE FIFTY CENTS.



Budweiser

The World's Favorite Bottled Beer

What made it so?—

QUALITY and PURITY

173,184,600 Bottles sold in 1911.

*Bottled only at the Home Plant
in St. Louis*

**Anheuser-Busch Brewery
St. Louis, Mo.**

HER DILEMMA.

MR. ASKIT.—And how do you like keeping a diary?

MISS GABBEIGH.—Oh, it keeps me so busy writing about what I have been doing that I do not have time to do anything to write about.—*Baltimore American.*

Walk, — You, Walk!

THIS is the poem that you read in PUCK years ago and have been looking for ever since. We have now issued

**"WALK,
— YOU,
WALK!"**

as a *Booklet*, in large, readable type, with the original illustrations, at
Ten Cents per Copy.



Admirers of this famous poem will appreciate the opportunity to secure copies in handy pocket form. For sale by all booksellers and news-dealers, or mailed postpaid on receipt of price. Address

PUCK, :: 295-309 Lafayette Street, :: New York

LOVE AFFAIRS OF AN OFFICE-BOY.

It seems that everything is different
Since she begun stenographin' here;
I used to hate my job, but now it's queer
How glad I am to come to work; the scent
Of something sweet is in the air; I went
Past where she sat just now, and pretty
near

Stooped down to kiss her on her little ear
When she was busy, and her head was bent.

She suddenly looked up, and I could feel
My heart bump up and down, and then she
stuck

A letter shut when she had licked the seal;
I would n't ask for any better luck
Than just to be the stamp that she would lick
And press on with her thumb to make it stick.

My mother ast me what was wrong last night,
And said I worked too hard, she was afraid;
I could n't hardly eat the pie she made,
Because I seemed to lose my appetite.

"I've noticed lately you're not lookin' right,"
She told me, and my sister come and laid
Her cheek against my shoulder, and I
stayed

And et, but nearly choked on every bite.

It's strange that when your sister touches
you,

Or softly runs her fingers through your
hair,

It never seems to thrill you through and
through,

You hardly even notice it or care;
But when some other fellow's sister takes
An interest, gee, what a change it makes!

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Pears'

No impurity in Pears'
Soap.

Economical to use.

It wears out only for your
comfort and cleanliness.

Sold in every land.

Bar-Keepers Friend Metal Polish



Geo. W. Hoffman Co. Indianapolis, Ind.



THE BATHING HOUR AT SEA BREEZE

FROM STIFLING TENEMENT
TO SEASHORE and COUNTRY



HEAVY LOAD ON
A HOT DAY



HOW THE WAVES TICKLE
MY FEET

Do you know that the New Yorker living below Fourteenth Street has an average of only 18 square feet of breathing space? Can you imagine anyone more in need of fresh air outings than these dwellers in sultry homes, hemmed in by scorching pavements?

Neither opportunity nor money is theirs with which to seek pure air. For them fresh breezes and outdoor freedom are made impossible by congestion. Every penny of their small earnings goes to satisfy pressing needs.

Poor mothers, children and babies, broken with toil, ill-nurtured, or frail, appeal through us to you for a bit of sunshine and relief from care in the country, or at Sea Breeze, our seashore Home at Coney Island.

Won't you help them? The trouble of sending a contribution is nothing compared to the joy that it will bring to some of these stifling homes.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION FOR IMPROVING
THE CONDITION OF THE POOR

R. FULTON CUTTING,
President



NO PLAYTIME
FOR HER



A HAPPY LITTLE
MOTHER

SUGGESTIONS

A lawn sociable by your class, Sunday school or club.

A card party at your summer hotel or camp.

A subscription among your friends.



IN NEED OF
FRESH AIR



WHO SAID WE ARE
AFRAID?

Send contributions to
ROBERT SHAW MINTURN
Treasurer

Room 207

105 East 22nd Street
New York City

WHEN YOUR EYES NEED CARE TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c Per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c and 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

BACK AT HIM.

"Young man, I saw you put your arm around my daughter's waist last evening."

"And I suppose you noticed how she struggled?"—*Detroit Journal.*

FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

OLD I.W. HARPER WHISKEY

THE KIND YOUR GRANDFATHER USED STILL THE BEST.

Note style of bottling

This is the Guaranteed Original Package.

A taste that you can recognize and a smoothness that you will remember.

BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

PERPLEXING.

When Doris climbed on her father's knee it was plain that a deep problem was troubling her.

"Papa, was it a wise person who said 'The good die young'?"

"Yes," he replied, "I suppose he must have been very wise."

"Well," the child replied, after thinking it over for a time, "I'm not so much surprised about you, but I don't see how mamma managed to get growed up."—*Knoxville Journal.*

ONLY IN A BUSINESS WAY.

"So Clara rejected the plumber?"

"Yes."

"Do you know why?"

"Somebody told her to be careful about encouraging him, as he hit the pipe."—*Baltimore American.*

FATHER. — What! Another new dress?

DAUGHTER. — You need n't be cross. I bought it with my own money.

FATHER. — Where did you get it?

DAUGHTER. — I sold your old fur coat.—*Illustrated Bits.*

IF YOU LIKE HUNTING, FISHING, CAMPING, You will like the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN

Agents Wanted everywhere.

Full particulars sent when you answer this advertisement.



This magazine contains 160 pages or more, crammed from cover to cover with photos from life, stories of hunting, fishing, camping and tramping which will thrill and interest you. This monthly visitor will lure you pleasantly away from the monotonous grind of everyday work to the healthful atmosphere of Field, Wood and Stream. Single copies 15c. Yearly subscription with watch set \$1.00.

Special Trial Offer

Send us 25 cents, stamps or coin, and we will send you the National Sportsman for 3 months, also one of our heavy burnished Ormolu Gold Watch Fobs (regular price \$5.00), as here shown, with russet leather strap and gold-plated buckle.

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, 78 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

THE RUNAWAY.

The rector was sitting in his study, hard at work on the following Sunday's sermon, when a visitor was announced.

She was a hard, muscular-looking woman, and when the minister set a chair for her she opened fire somewhat brusquely:

"You are Mr. Jenkins, ain't you?"

"I am," replied the good man.

"Well, maybe you'll remember o' marryin' a couple of strangers at your church a month ago?"

"What were the names?" asked the clergyman.

"Peter Simpson and Eliza Brown," replied the woman, "and I'm Eliza."

"Are you, indeed?" said the minister. "I thought I remembered seeing your face before, but—"

"Yes," interrupted the visitor. "I'm her, all right, an' I thought as how I might drop in an' tell you that Peter has escaped."—*Post-Dispatch.*

G. O. P.'s new meaning: Good-by, Old Party.—*The World.*

WOULDN'T the Colonel make a dandy umpire for the home team?—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

THE GREATER EVIL.



"You can't imagine, my dear sir, how annoying it is to have a wife who does nothing but talk of the husband she had before you."

"You are lucky at that. Mine does nothing but describe for my benefit the one she will have after me."—*Le Rire.*

The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash of Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

TROUBLE IN BILLVILLE.

"The moonshine distillery has moved ten miles further."

"Land sakes!" exclaimed the colonel, "have we got to change the town site again?"—*Baltimore American.*

Laugh and Grow Fat!

Take PUCK and Laugh!!

The Good Old Summer Time

is here at last

Any Old Time is a Good Time to Subscribe for

Puck

THE FOREMOST HUMOROUS WEEKLY OF AMERICA

As a Home Paper, PUCK will please you

- It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive.
- It is attractive pictorially, because its artists are among the best.
- It is of serious interest, because its cartoons form a political history of the times.
- It is not a juvenile publication, but it is better for children than the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers.

Published Every Wednesday. 10c. per Copy. \$5.00 Yearly.

If your newsdealer doesn't handle PUCK, ask him to order it for you.



Tell Your Newsdealer

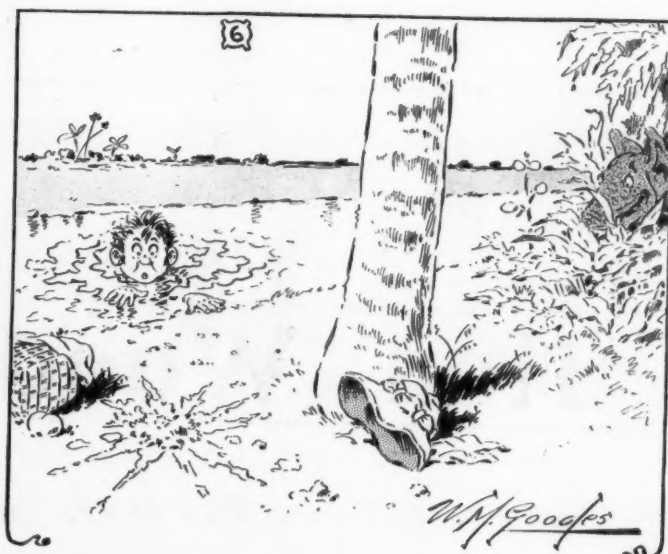
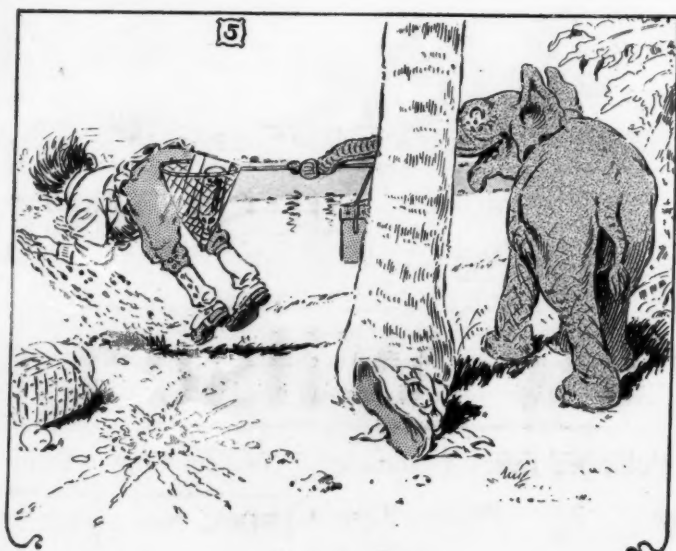
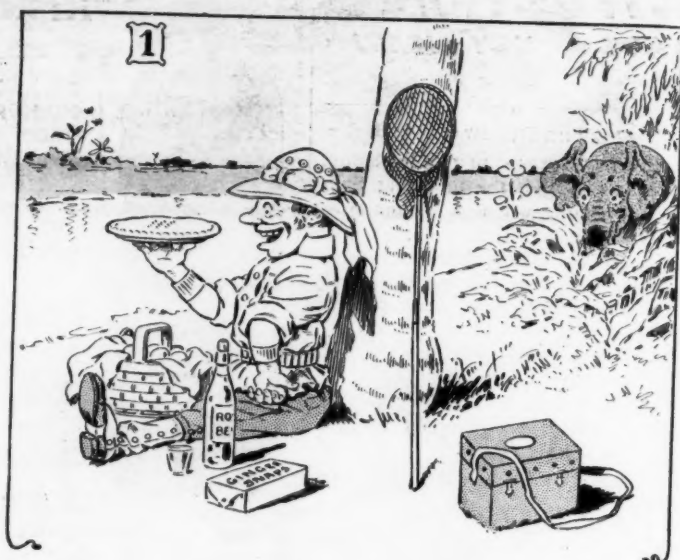
Puck
NEXT WEEK.



PUCK, New York

Enclosed find ten cents for which send me a liberal package of sample copies of PUCK.

Name
Address



A SEISMIC DISTURBANCE IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA.

USE THE FAMOUS ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
 SAFE, GENTLE, EFFECTIVE, FOR RELIEF OF
RHEUMATISM
 50c. per bottle at DRUGGISTS or 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

INTERCOLLEGIATE.

"It's a cinch to tell a Harvard man from a Columbia man."
 "How's that?"
 "Well, a Harvard man enters a restaurant as if he owns the place——"
 "And——?"
 "A Columbia man enters a restaurant as if he does n't give a hoot *who* owns the place."—*Columbia Jester*.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE.

37, 39 and 41 Blooming Street.
 BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 BROADWAY STREET, NEW YORK.
 All kinds of Paper made to order.

PRECISION IN LANGUAGE.

A man who is constantly traveling over the same railroad has become well acquainted with the porters of the sleeping-cars.

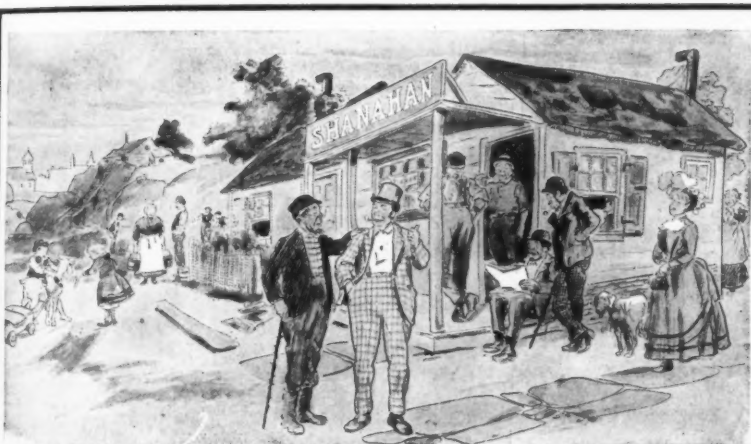
On a recent trip he hailed his porter exuberantly, and said:

"Hello, Matthew! I have some good news for you. We've had a birth in our family since I saw you—twins."

Matthew grinned. "Well, sah," he said, "I would n't call dat no birth, sah. Dat am a section, sah."—*Youth's Companion*.

BLOBBS.—If you are going in for music, which instrument would you choose?

SLOBBS.—Well, I've always thought I would like to be a soloist on a cash-register.—*Philadelphia Record*.



Shanahan's Old Shebeen;
 or,
"THE MORNIN'S MORNIN'."

By Gerald Brennan.

IN response to the many requests from our readers for copies of this famous poem, which appeared in PUCK several years ago, we have issued it as a *Booklet*, in large, readable type, with the original illustrations, at

TEN CENTS PER COPY

Admirers of "Shanahan's Old Shebeen" will appreciate the opportunity to secure copies in handy pocket form. For sale by all booksellers and news-dealers, or mailed postpaid on receipt of price. Address

PUCK :: :: 295-309 Lafayette Street, New York



THE ONE INFALLIBLE SIGN.



ANGLER (instinctively).—Something tells me that there are fish about here!—*Sydney Bulletin*.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

JUST OUT!

PUCK'S PORTRAIT OF THE

JUST OUT!

Hon. Woodrow Wilson

By JOSEPH KEPPLER

In Colors, Size 14x21 inches - Price Ten Cents

ALL Democrats and Progressives will want a copy of this life-like picture, which has been pronounced by competent critics to be the finest portrait on the market of the Democratic Nominee for the Presidency. Securely wrapped and mailed anywhere on receipt of price.

Address PUCK, 295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

WHEN PA BEGINS TO SHAVE



WHEN Sunday mornin' came around
My Pa hung up his strop,
An' took his razor out an' made
It go c'flop! c'flop!
An' then he got his mug an' brush,
An' yelled t' me, "Behave!"
I tell you, things was mighty still—
When Pa began t' shave.

Then Pa he'd stir his brush around,
An' make the soapsuds fly;
An' sometimes, when he stirred too hard,
He got some in his eye.
I tell you, it was funny then
To see Pa stamp and rave;
But they never ketched me laffin'—
When Pa began t' shave.

The hired man he dassent talk,
And Ma she was afeard,
An' you could hear the razor click,
A-cuttin through Pa's beard.
An' then my Uncle Bill'd laff
An' say: "Gosh! John, you're brave;"
An' Pa he'd swear, and Ma'd just smile—
When Pa began t' shave.

When Pa got done a-shavin' of
His face, he'd turn around,
An' Uncle Bill he'd say: "Why, John,
Y'ur chin looks like ploughed ground!"
An' then he'd laff—jest laff an' laff,
But I had t' behave,
Cos things was apt t' happen quick—
When Pa began t' shave.

But what a change has come about!
Pa shaves 'most ev'ry day.
He's got a Durham-Duplex now;
A coupon showed the way.
A Demonstrator put him wise
To all the time he'd save;
Our house is like a playground now—
When Pa begins t' shave.

He don't git mad, or rant around;
He's mild as he can be.
"I reckon the Millennium
Has come," says Ma to me.
An' Pa, he says, "By heck, it has!
For years I was a slave,
But DURHAM-DUPLEX set me free!
I've jest begun t' shave."

An' Uncle Bill, he says. "Why, John,
Yer face looks good as new.
Duplex fer ME!" The Hired Man
Chimes in an' says, "Me, too!"
An' I will buy one, too, you bet!
I'm goin' to save and save.
It won't be very many years
'Fore I begin t' shave!



DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO.
200 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—Enclosed please find 35 cents in coin (to pay postage, packing, mailing and distributing expense). Send Durham Demonstrator Razor with Durham-Duplex Blade which you are to present to me without further obligation on my part.

Name _____
No. and Street _____
Town _____
State _____